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The Evening World Prints Asso-

ciated Press News.

MINISTERS SEE THE GOOD.

The Evening World's Christmas-Tree

Fund is one of those enterprises which

find their own commendation in the good

work they do. Yet, to the originators of

the project, the commendation expressed

by city elders of various denomina-

tions, as printed yesterday, is particularly

gratifying.

And it must be almost equally pleasing

to those of THE EVENING WORLD constitu-

ency who share with it the responsi-

bility of raising the Fund to a condition

of efficiency and completeness.

The ministers recognize the fact stated

in this column in recent remarks on the

Christmas-Tree enterprise, that the work

done with the Fund is directly in the line

of applied religion.

"We cannot do too much to brighten

the lives of those who have so little," said

one minister. "You afford an opportunity

for the whole public, down to the

least, to vent their Christmas spirit,"

said another, incidentally to his praise of

the good work. "Any movement that

will stimulate a feeling of human friend-

ship is of inestimable benefit," said a

third.

And so on. Something kind from all.

If the public need more stimulus to its

spirit of generosity in this cause than

exists in the mere thought of the good to

be done they should find it in the words

of these preachers.

THE DYNAMITE IDENTIFICATION.

Through the weak clues afforded by an

ordinary trousers-button and a few shreds

of cloth, THE WORLD has succeeded in

tracing the identity of the man who threw

the dynamite bomb in Russell Sage's

office. It was a clever achievement. The

feat accomplished was one which had

baffled the trained detectives of the best

police force on the earth.

Yet it was only through the persistent

application of common sense methods

that the desired result was obtained. In

this and in other cases in which THE

WORLD has successfully exerted itself for

the straightening out of much-tangled

skeins it has been demonstrated that a

good newspaper office is one of the best

places on earth for developing the powers

of analysis and inquiry necessary to such

tasks.

And this is undoubtedly due to the

great variety of work thrust upon real

newspaper men and the imperative ne-

cessity of their being promptly ready to

face any emergency or circumstance.

They do not proceed by fixed, official

routine. They go by an intelligent

adaptation of means, methods and the-

ories to meet whatever peculiarities there

may be in the case in hand.

Secret is out with another challenge.

He will last thirty days, swim two or

three times each day, and at the end, if

crossed by competition, will take, in the

presence of doctors, poison enough to

kill forty men. All to demonstrate his

psychological powers. If he will kindly

reverse his programme and begin with

the poison he may prevent some idiotic

imitator from a fatal following of his mad

example.

A Berwick (Pa.) preacher who awoke in

the night and found his false teeth

missing, immediately began to choke to

death. Just as he was bidding an agonized

farewell to his weeping family the teeth

were found in a bureau drawer. Finding

he hadn't swallowed the plate, he swallowed

his fears and returned to sweet slumber.

Should this preacher dream of a dog's

bite he will be hydrophobia's victim.

A Brooklyn man who won at pinocle

last night by melting 300 at a critical

point in the game, laughed so hard as to

dislocate his jaw. This teaches us not to

be too exuberantly joyful in the moment

when Fortune smiles. What shall it

profit a man if he be the world's champion

at pinocle and spoil his jawbone with too

much dislocation?

Senator PLUMS should be made to un-

derstand once for all that his renewal

of the resolution to move Gen. GRANT's

remains from New York is an act senseless

in itself and deeply painful to the family

of the dead hero. The Senator exposes

himself to the suspicion that he is the

victim of an acute monomania.

Here it is again: Kentucky lovers,

forty-two years ago; parental opposition;

grief and separation. Time passes. He

sits and rich, she fifty-eight and a dress-

maker. He happens into Liberty, Mo.

Sees sign. Enters door. "Tishe! Both

lovers. They explain. They wed. All's

well. Ha, ha!"

A Passaic woman, whose next-door

neighbor bothers her with a fiendish

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclamation in the front

yard, at regular intervals, has complained

to the Police Court. Manifestly wrong.

She should respond invariably with a

groulsh "Ho, ho, ho!"

The Church and State discussion on-

lives the French Chamber wonderfully.

Already the lie is passed between CARSA-

sac and Floquet, and there is talk of a

duel. Realizing, however, that it is to be

only a French duel, the world will not

pounce to slunder.

It is said that ex-Speaker RICE beat all

the other Congressmen in the race for the

duel yesterday, when that steam pipe ex-

ploded at the Capitol. It would be inter-

esting to know if he would have stopped

to count a quorum had the blow-up come

in the Fifty-first Congress.

Aspirants for the Republican nomina-

tion will pass their sleepless nights just

before the Minneapolis Convention. De-

legates will get their when they come

to the Twin City and find they were left

out in the scramble for the limited num-

ber of rooms.

Flatbush insane asylum has leaked

again. This time the escapee is a man

who was able to bend the iron bars of his

window by mere physical strength. He

was a good subject for much greater pre-

caution as to his keeping.

Ex-Speaker RICE confirms the report

that he years to exchange politics and

noise at Washington for a quietly busy

law practice in New York. Lots of rum

and welcome here.

The Chinese Government, in its hour

of victory, seems to thoroughly appre-

ciate the fact that rebels who lose their

own heads will never head another re-

bellion.

McGLORY must go. So the police have

resolved, wisely and well.

THE CLEANER.

William H. Vanderbilt, the eldest son

of Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, who is now a

Junior at Yale, is a handsome, robust-looking

young fellow, and is the leader of the swell set

in his class at college. Despite his wealth

and his sumptuous entertainments, which

he gives to his friends, he is modest and un-

assuming in his manner, and under the demo-

cratic institutions of Yale is not likely to assume

any of superior airs over his fellow-stu-

dents. He is a member of the Phi Kappa

Fraternity, and is a member of the Yale

Freshman class.

There is no question that Dr. Hainsford,

the rector of St. George's Church in Stuyvesant

Square, is the most popular clergyman in

town with the masses. More than three-quarters

of the attendance at his church are of the

gentler sex, and after services on Sunday

they flock around him in church and gather

in the street in front of the parsonage just

to get a glimpse of him out of the pulpit. There

is always a flutter of excitement when he

makes his appearance. "Isn't he just splen-

did," exclaim an enthusiastic admirer, "the

hearing of the cleaner the other day, "I

declare he's the only man in New York worth

looking at!"

Under the genial supervision of Dr. Lin-

hart, the new gymnasium, instructor at the

Manhattan Athletic Club, the evening class

in physical training has become exceedingly

popular even with the gray-haired and bald-

headed element of the Club. Such enthu-

siasm for athletics has never before been

manifested in the Club since it got into its

new quarters. It is an inspiring sight to

watch a contingent of veteran cherry dis-

ciples, "contingents" under Dr. Linhart's

guidance, and they always draw a crowd

of admiring spectators to the gymnasium.

This week's issue of Harper's Weekly has

sent an audible chuckle of amusement rip-

pling over the artistic portion of the com-

munity. The number contains a caricature

of this year's exhibition of the National Acad-

emy of Design, drawn by Bert Wilson, which

is irrepressibly funny. The exaggeration is

not too broad, but is unquestionably there.

A dozen of the Acad's paintings are treated

with a dose of black and white by Walter

Brush, but the way artist, seen through

the lens of painting of cowboys is the funniest

of the lot. He calls the caricature "Playing

Snap-the-Whip on the Plains," and the way

he has tangled horses' legs and men's arms

could not be equaled by Remington himself.

Four women out of five, I believe, who

have seen the performance of "Miss Holycott,"

are ready to swear that Mrs. Leslie Carter wears

a wig. Such is not, however, the case. Mrs.

Carter's hair grows and grows to such length

and in such abundance that, when uncombed

it completely envelops her figure from her

knees up. The hair of her hair is as thick

as an ocean steamship's cable.

"Chauncey M. Depew souvenir spoons"

made an interesting display in the show-

window of a downtown jeweler. There are

tea sets, coffee sets and orange and boston

spoons of various varieties, each one bear-

ing in low relief upon its handle the dignified

and genial countenance of the Doctor, while

the inscription "Our Chauncey" appears

below. These articles are made by a jeweler

up at Peekskill with the special permission

of Dr. Depew, who in a letter to the manu-

facturer says: "As a Peekskill jeweler, I give

you the exclusive right to make any point of

such souvenir spoons." Some of the Doctor's

friends are wondering when he went into the

jewelry business at Peekskill or any other

place.

Loud Denunciations.

[From the Monrographist.]

An Indianapolis paper says of Mrs. Leane's

recent lecture in that town: "She denounced

pretty much everything between Kalamazoo

and Kingdom Come in a voice like a flatboat-

man in a storm."

Apropos of Whom?

[From the Chicago Times.]

It isn't the man who is at the top who

always has the most sense. Remember that

a balloon is sure to rise, but is nothing but a

bag of gas, after all.

Three Three Cent Boys.

Henry M. Stanley is educating three negro

boys about twelve years old, whom he rescued

from slavery by paying three cents apiece for

them.

Severe Pain After Meals.

And irregular meals are causes of dyspepsia,

which will soon become incurable except by

careful attention to diet and taking a reliable

stomach medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

and I am glad to find I consider it a great medi-

cine. I have taken it for a long time, and it has

done me a great deal of good. I feel better and

stronger than I have been for a long time.

The Church and State discussion on-

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Girl with the Crayon.

A girl about eighteen years of age en-

tered a Third Avenue Elevated car at the

bridge the other day having a crayon por-

trait on a stretcher in her hand. She

took a seat beside a middle-aged man

who had a sleepy look in his eyes, but

who roused up just as the train got away

and said:

"Sense me, but is that a crayon you

have there?"

"Yes, sir," she replied in a timid way.

"Thought so. Some of your own

work?"

"No, sir."

"Thought so. 'Sense me. Somebody

else's work, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it crayon portrait of your dear

father?" he continued after a bit.

The girl looked up and down the car

for another seat and made no reply.

"Or it may be crayon portrait of your

dear mother," he suggested.

The girl got up and went to the other

end of the car, and the man looked after

her in a stupid way and then said to the

passenger next to him: